

13/

1505/104

T H E

L E V E E:

A

P O E M.

Occasion'd by the NUMBER of CLERGY at the
Duke of Ne--le's last Levee.

Qui fit Mæcnas, ut nemo?

Their Kingdom is not of this World.

THE SECOND EDITION.



L O N D O N :

Printed for M. COOPER in *Pater-noster-Row*. 1756.

[Price Six-Pence.]

THE
LIFE

A



Occasioned by the NINTH of October in the
Duke of Devonshire's Library.

By Sir Matthew, in 1788.

Yves Kingdon is not of the World.

THE SECOND EDITION.



LONDON.

Printed for M. Cooper in Pall-mall-Row. 1788.

[Price Six Pence]



THE LEVEE:

A POEM.

NE-----LE's Grace, when e'rst in Pow'r,
 Allotted, every Week, an Hour,
 (Like other Ministers of State)
 To complimentary Forms, and Prate:
 5 To hear and to receive Petitions,
 Access was free to all Conditions.
 But chief the CLERGY, ever ready
 To show Attachment firm and steady,
 Attended still, in solemn Guise,
 10 To pay this weekly Sacrifice.

The

The Curate climbing to a Vicar,
Sigh'd for return of *Thursday* quicker:

The Chaplain big, with no Preferment,
Bewail'd his Grace's Stay at *Clermont*:

15 From *Cambridge* many an awkward FELLOW
Produc'd his Learning and Prunella:

Of *Oxford* Men indeed a Scarcity,
(For *Cambridge* was his Grace's 'Varsity)

Tho' now and then ONE would presume
20 To hide a Corner of the Room;

And in the Froth of Party Spirit
Pour out his Suff'rings---not his Merit.

The Rector gladly paid Attendance,
Nor once lamented Court Dependence:

25 Lords Sons and Kinsmen, Members Cousins,

And Borough-Int'rest Men by Dozens,

Archdeacons, Prebendaries, Deans,

In spight of Idleness, found Means

Once every Week to show their Faces,

30 And lodge Pretensions at his Grace's:

Right

Right Reverend Prelates took their Stations,
 Peep'd in the Closet for Tranflations,
 Condemning, with humane Energy,
 The Boldness of inferior Clergy ;
 35 Who, with their vain Pretensions, dare
 To show their hungry Faces there.
 From Palaces, from Inns, from Garrets
 On foot, in Coaches, Chairs, and Chariots,
 All, all, of each Denomination,
 Fly to this weekly CONVOCATION.
 Prophetic, every Mother's Son,
 " This Interview, the Work is done."
 To speak the Truth (but mark the End)
 No Man was more the Clergy's Friend ;
 45 Or with a more adroit Behaviour
 Could give, or could refuse a Favour ;
 And tho' tis not in human Reach
 To stop the Mouths of those who preach,
 When this Man's Want and that Man's Pride,
 50 Cannot at once be satisfy'd ;

Yet

Yet all agree he did his best,
To flatter some and serve the rest.

“ Thus far all’s well” ! so preach’d the Prelate.

The Sequel ?---faith ! I blush to tell it.

55 N - - C - - L E falls ! God bless his Grace !

And send a better in his Place.

Be this my Pray’r well understood,

I’ll be content with one as good.

Then will I hail the happy Hour

60 Of Virtue not the Slave of Pow’r ;

Which Faction’s self shall blush to own,

Too soon traduc’d, too late was known.

No sooner publish’d his Retreat,

But Crouds of Coaches storm his Gate.

65 Is this the Statesman in Disgrace ?

Remov’d at once from Pow’r and Place ?

Surrounded thus, and thus supported ?

By Wealth, by Fame, by Titles courted ?

Alas ! too true ! the present Hour

70 Is due to Friendship, not to Pow’r ;

And

[7]

And with a little Observation,
The Thing is plain to Demonstration.

Survey this splendid Groupe, you'll trace
Of Ecclesiastics, but one Face.

75 Strong Prefage ! that this glorious Sun
At length his Summer Courſe hath run :
By Nature's friendly Inſtinct led,
Thoſe Birds of Paſſage all are fled ;
And now prepare their Throats to ſing
80 The Matins of the coming Spring.

F I N I S.

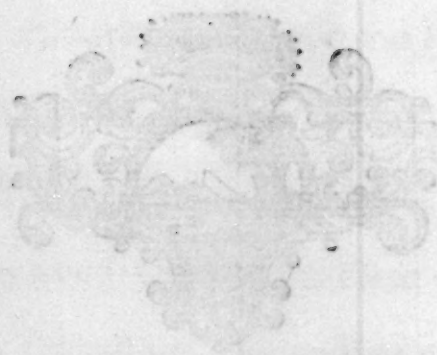


[7]

And with a little Observation,
The Thing is plain to Demonstration,
Survey this splendid Group, you'll find
Of Ecclesiastics, but one Face.
75 Strong Prelate! that this glorious Sun
At length his Summer Course hath run:
By Nature's friendly Influence,
Those Birds of Paradise all are dead;
And now prepare thy throat to sing
80 The Mating of the coming Spring.



F I N I S



And